

THRASHING A KING

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We were trading to the Loyalty Islands in the brig Louise of San Francisco and on this particular trip had anchored in a bay in the king's own island and opposite his village. The king was called Tom John, and he professed the greatest friendship for traders. We had been there for ten days and nothing whatever had occurred to make us suspect treachery. The captain and I had been ashore several times, been treated with the greatest deference, and the natives who had boarded us did not need watching.

We soon received a royal visit. The king was accompanied by three of his escort, and we afterward remembered that they appeared to be more interested in the windlass, cable and the spare anchor on the rail than in all else about the craft. A pressing invitation was given us to attend a royal feast on shore that evening, a sort of "blowout" to prove the friendship of the islanders, but as the captain was not feeling well he declined to accept. Tom John and his friends appeared to be very much disappointed and upset that we were not to go, but when they left the brig it was with the understanding that the feast should come off a day or two later.

The night came down very dark, with the promise of a change of weather. Every night we had had two armed men on watch, while the cannon was loaded with canister and the muskets were ready at hand in case of an alarm. There were thirty canoes drawn up on the beach, and the adult male population of the town counted up at least 350. For arms they had a few old muskets, but depended mostly on blowguns, lances and bows and arrows. Aside from these every man had a knife. We had an anchor watch set, with orders to be extra vigilant, and this man had not been on duty an hour when he felt, as he afterward explained it, that something was wrong with the anchor or cable. He aroused the man who had left the deck, but was ridiculed for his fears and ordered to return to his station. Ten minutes later, having heard suspicious noises over the bows, he ventured to wake me up and relate his fears. I went on deck with him, and after listening for a few minutes became satisfied that something queer was going on and called the captain, who at once ordered the sleepers to be turned out.

The black rascals were trying a trick worthy of a Yankee. The tide would begin to flow at 2 o'clock. Four of their largest canoes had paddled quietly out to the anchor, divers had gone down with the rope, and they were lifting it off the ground to let the brig be drifted ashore with the tide. We couldn't see ten feet into the night, but we came to this conclusion from the feel of things, and we didn't reach that

conclusion a minute too soon. I went down into the cable tier and softly knocked out the shackle pin, while the captain saw that the end of the cable went overboard without noise, being lowered by a rope. At the same time men were sent aloft to loosen the sails, and we got underway on the brig just in time to save her. Some of the fellows must have been nearer than we imagined, for as we headed across the basin they raised an alarm, a score of torches were lighted simultaneously and three canoes full of men came dashing at our port bow. The captain and a sailor slewed the gun around and poured its contents into the approaching craft, and the discharge was followed by such shrieks and yells as I never want to hear again. We dared not risk the attempt to leave the harbor with the darkness so thick around us and the breeze shifting about so unsteadily, and for the next two hours we were boxing about the basin and expecting an attack any moment.

When daylight came the wind settled into the north and was fair for a run out. The captain wanted to teach the heathen a lesson first, however. There was a fleet of a dozen canoes coming out for us, and the fellows were no doubt pleased and surprised that we had not escaped to sea. Every man was told what to do, and we put the brig directly for the fleet. When within musket shot, the captain opened with canister, and later on we used our muskets to good advantage. In passing through the fleet the brig ran down a canoe with nine men in it, and I believe we killed a dozen outright. None waited for a second dose, but made for the shore as fast as possible. In one of the canoes was the king himself, and one of our crew brought a musket to bear on him and put a bullet into his shoulder.

We had won a victory, but the captain was not yet satisfied. We had about thirty solid shot in the magazine, and standing back and forth across the basins, as near the town as we dared approach, they were sent whizzing from the big gun to knock things into fragments. Every inhabitant fled to the woods as we opened fire, and, though we were not using hot shot, three or four fires were kindled and the biggest part of the town was laid in ashes.

There was no fear of the natives attacking us if we landed, as the roar of the big gun and the havoc wrought by the cannon balls had given them a fright they would not get over in a whole day. We put off in boats, landed on the beach, and what buildings had been spared we applied the torch to, and before the brig sailed away everything was in flames. The plot to massacre us originated with the king, who declared that it could not fail. The fact that it did fail so incensed the people against Tom John that he lost his head before the brig was out of sight, as we afterward came to know.

M. QUAD.

HISTORY OF KISHINEFF

A Former Resident Describes Scene of Jewish Massacre.

NOTED FOR ITS FINE GARDENS.

They Occupy Twelve Thousand Acres, and Their Fertility Is Said Not to Be Exceeded Anywhere. Magnificent Plants Raised There. Active Trade Center Where Fairs Are Held Twice a Week.

So great has been the interest of the public in the recent massacre in Kishineff that little or no attention has been given to the physical characteristics of the place, says the New York Times. And yet there are men over in the east side of New York who have lived in Kishineff and say that in many ways it is quite unlike any other city in the world. One of these men, who was in Kishineff not a great while ago and who took sufficient interest in it to learn much of its history, told the other day of some of its most remarkable features. Judging from the way he spoke of it Kishineff is not at all a bad place to live in—that is, for any one but a Jew.

Altogether the most attractive part of the city, according to the description of the former inhabitants, is the wonderful gardens in the suburbs. These gardens occupy no less than 12,000 acres, which is about nineteen square miles. The fertility is not exceeded anywhere, and it is said to be a rare occurrence for a crop of anything to fail. The chief product of these rich acres are fruits and that kind of vegetables which in America is associated with the word "truckling." Immense quantities of wine come from the vineyards of the gardens of Kishineff, and many of the expensive foreign cigarettes smoked by people in the United States are made of tobacco that was raised in these same fields.

But of all things for which the Bessarabian capital is noted, said this informant with a reminiscent smacking of the lips, the plums are the most deserving. They are dried and exported, going to Odessa by some Mediterranean port and are famous all over southeastern Europe.

For many months of the year, he continued, the climate of Kishineff is just about like that of southern California is said to be, but we had some pretty cold weather, though it didn't last long. The coldest month has an average temperature of about 20 and 30 degrees Fahrenheit, and in the hottest month it is never over 75 degrees.

The formation of the city is very striking and unusual. The old or lower town is on the banks of the river Byk, a tributary of the Dniester, and the new or high town is on high crags rising in some places to nearly 500 feet above the level of the river.

It is doubtful if any town in Russia, the nation of fairs, has more of them than has Kishineff. Twice a week they occur, and the yearly returns from them amount to something like \$1,500,000. Trade is exceedingly active, and with every year it becomes more important, Kishineff being the chief center of the Bessarabian commerce in tallow, grain and countless other articles. Though the recent outrages perpetrated there inevitably create the impression that Kishineff is in a very primitive stage of civilization, such is far from true. Whatever may be the character of many inhabitants and however villainous and cruel they may have proved themselves, their city is very rich in some things that are usually considered adjuncts of civilization.

For instance, the schools are said to be very good and there are several theaters, magnificent Turkish baths, large markets, especially for cattle and corn, and eighteen or twenty churches. The river Byk, winding in and out among the hills and crossed by several bridges, with the fertile fields lying in the low part of the town, presents a picture, the travelers say, far from unpleasant. The population is something between 110,000 and 120,000 and is growing steadily. The railroad from Odessa to Jassy, in Roumania, passes through Kishineff, which is only about 120 miles northwest of the former city. Kishineff is the seat of the archbishop of Bessarabia and has an ecclesiastical seminary with nearly 1,000 students, besides a college and several secondary schools. Steam flour mills, candle and soap works, distilleries, tobacco factories—all of these are in the interesting city. The streets, however, it is said, are mostly unpaved and the buildings are plain.

Although it is a matter of history several hundred years old now, the way in which the immediate vicinity of Kishineff has been the home of so many different peoples is particularly interesting in view of the late race troubles. Far back, almost before history began, the Cyni and Scythians lived there. They were ousted by the Geli, who in turn were conquered by the Roman emperor Trajan. In the third century A. D. came the Goths, recently become Christians; later the Huns, then the Avars and Bulgarians, then Slavonians, then the Bessi, from whom the name Bessarabia is taken. And so it went on, one nation coming and ousting the other. Even now there are two gypsy villages in which about 3,000 gypsies live.

All these names are only part of those of the nations that came, and now it would probably take an ethnologist endowed with supernatural powers to determine the genealogy of the people of Kishineff.



Jim Dumps mourned often for the joy
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The spirits and the appetite,
The sound and dreamless sleeps
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His boyhood has come back to him,
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IN BOSTON MARKETS.

Quotations on the Leading Products That Are in Demand.

Boston, June 10.—The butter market is firm in sympathy with New York and the west, with a slight advance shown for the week. Northern fresh, round lots, 23 1/4@24; western, 22 1/2@23; Vermont dairy, 21 1/2@22; renovated butter, 17 1/2@18; jobbing, 1/2@1/2c more.

New cheese is in moderate demand, with prices easy. Liverpool has advanced. Round lots, old, 14 1/2@15; new cheese, 11 1/2@12; jobbing, 1/2@1/2c higher.

Eggs hold steady at the recent advance. Arrivals of strictly fresh western are not large. Western fresh, 17 1/2@18; storage packed, 17 1/2@18; eastern, 18 1/2@19; nearly, 20@21; jobbing, 1c to 1 1/2c higher.

There is a firm market for beans, both here and in the country, though no further advances are noted. Carload lots, pea, \$2.45; medium, \$2.45; yellow eyes, \$2.70@2.75; red kidneys, \$3.40@3.50; California small white, \$2.65; foreign pea and medium, \$2.25@2.30; jobbing, 10c more.

The apple market is very quiet. Baldwin from cold storage, \$2.50@3; No. 2, all kinds, \$1.25@1.50; russets, \$2.60; northern spies, \$2.60; Maine Ben Davis, \$2.25. Small lots and jobbing, 50c@1 \$1 per bbl more.

There is a quiet market for all kinds of nuts, with prices unchanged. California cherries sell at \$2.25@2.50 per bx.

The market for potatoes is very firm for old stock, owing to small arrivals, as fires in the Aroostook section have delayed shipments to a considerable extent. Green mountains, 60c@81; hebrons, 85c@90c; Dakota reds, 65c@70c; new, rose and hebrons, 65c@70c; white Bliss, 65c@70c; red Bliss, \$2.25@2.75; sweets, 65c@70c; white sweets, 65c@70c.

Bunch celery is selling at 50c@61.25 per bx.

Onions are firm at: Egyptian, 65c, \$2.75; Bermudas, \$2.10 per crt.

Hot-house tomatoes are quoted at 15c per lb; southern, \$1.25@2 per crt, with mushrooms at \$3 per 4-lb bskt.

Cucumbers sell at \$1.50@1.75 per bx for hot-house all sizes.

Yellow turnips sell at \$3.50 per 100; beets, 50c; carrots, 50c@55c; parsnips, \$1; egg plant, \$3.50@4.50 per crt.

Cabbages sell at \$1.50@1.75 per large crt, Norfolk.

Marrow squashes bring \$1.50@1.75 per crt; crookneck, \$2 per crt.

Lettuce sells at 25c@60c per doz; radishes, 10c per doz; mint, 30c per doz; cress, 25c per doz; salady, \$1.50 per doz; leeks, 60c per doz.

New string beans are selling at \$2.50 per crt for wax, and \$3.50 per crt for green.

Spinach is quoted at 15c@20c per bu for native; parsley, hot-house, \$1.25 per

bx; romaine, \$1.50 per bu; beef greens, 15c per bu; native beets, 75c@85c per doz bchs; southern, 60c@85c per doz; bunch onions, 60c per bx; bunch carrots, 75c \$1 per doz; Bermuda potatoes, \$4@4.50 per bbl; rhubarb, 1c per lb; horseradish, \$6 per bbl; peppers, \$2.50@2.75 per crt.

Pork provisions are somewhat firmer, though few chances are noted. The marketing of hogs indicate a moderate reduction in number in comparison with the preceding week, but a continuance of enlargement in comparison with corresponding time last year.

There is a firmer market for fresh beef, prices having been advanced, notwithstanding slightly increased receipts.

There is a very firm market for lambs and choice Kentucky stock is held at high prices; muttons and veals are steady. Kentucky lambs, 14@16; spring lambs, 13@14; yearlings, 7@9; muttons, 7 1/2@8; veals, 9@11c.

Poultry has advanced slightly for fresh killed fowls and chickens. The supply is moderate and the demand of

a seasonable nature. Western turkeys, frozen, 18@20c; local, 15@16c; western fowls, local, 13 1/4@14 1/4c; western frozen chickens, 14@16c; fresh killed South Shore chickens, 30c@35c; fresh killed northern fowls, 14@15c; broilers, 50c@55c; western broilers, 23@28c; squab broilers, per pair, 75c@80c; spring ducks, 20c@21c.

Hay is very strong owing to the drought, which promises to materially shorten the crop; millfeed is firm, but not further advanced. No. 1, \$22@25; low grade, \$15@16 and up; rye straw, \$22@25; oat straw, \$9@11.

The shortage in feedstuffs throughout the east means a much larger consumption of all western grain, particularly of corn and oats. Eastern dealers already have made heavy purchases in the west for forward delivery, particularly of oats. The oats area will undoubtedly show a heavy shrinkage from that of last year, and of corn also, conservative estimates of the probable corn yield being less than 2,000,000,000 bushels, against 2,500,000,000 bushels last year.

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Barre	\$1.25	.65
Montpelier	1.25	.65
Middlesex	1.25	.65
Waterbury	1.25	.65

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GOING.	
LEAVE BARRE	7.10 a. m.
LEAVE MONTPELIER	7.30 a. m.
LEAVE MIDDLESEX	7.45 a. m.
LEAVE WATERBURY	7.55 a. m.
ARRIVE BURLINGTON	9.00 a. m.
ARRIVE ST. ALBANS BAY BY STEAMER	12.20 p. m.

RETURNING.	
LEAVE ST. ALBANS BAY	12.30 p. m.
ARRIVE BURLINGTON	4.00 p. m.

A special train will leave Burlington at 5.00 P. M. for Barre and all intermediate points. Tickets will be good ONLY on special train June 16th, 1903.

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